The Destitution
By Jonathan Olvera

I was making a cottage with my mother amidst the tall Pines of Moscow. It was a time of fair season and change.
I did attend the local church services.
I was in prayer and contract.
I listened as a young man to preachers and Elders always minding the words of our sermons.
It was unfortunate the ordinance of our localities called for an assembly of men.
We assembled and came to a decision to make a good meal and prepare for a great work to be done in our home.
This was because it was a good home.
It is America.
Many days were spent gazing at the Waters and shores that provided many healthy seasons.
In time the sky would become a road.
The land would provide contract and exchange of our good faith into America.
Far away the call of service did attract our best people and we did work according to our good faith and meditation.

The scenery changed and the land seemed to be in abandon.
no one liked this place. It was harsh although I was determined to make it my home.
I picked a shovel up and I did dig for days until I saw a change for water.
For many days and nights I prayed for water and good finds in the place.

I found both and the Light breaking the sky after the great dragon of darkness was an amazing sight.

I will never forget this scene I have in the land I came to after my home.
In the new venture Desolation.

A Exile of the King and a Blessing of the Angels.